

HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE.

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR, NISI ABSCONDI."

BY THOS. A. FALCONER.

THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1841.

VOLUME I---NUMBER 21.

THE

HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE

Is published in the town of Holly Springs, Mississippi, every week, **Three Dollars** per annum in advance—**Four Dollars** payable within six months—and **Five Dollars** at the end of year. No subscription taken for less than six months. **Advertisements** will be inserted at the usual rates charged by the Mississippi press. **Advertisements** not marked with the number of insertions on them, will be continued till ordered out and charged accordingly. Announcing candidates for office will be—State \$10—County \$5; to be paid down or assumed by a responsible name in town. **Letters** addressed to the Editor, on business with the office, must be post paid to secure attention. **Cash** must be paid for all **JOB WORK** done at this office as soon as delivered.

From the New York Tribune.

BANKS AND CURRENCY.

Every day's experience serves to convince us more thoroughly of the impregnable soundness of the good old Whig ground, that without a National Bank, or something equivalent to it, this country can never enjoy the blessings of a sound, adequate and uniform currency. We may preach the advantages of a rigidly specie currency till doomsday suppress small bills, and all bills, so far as law can effect it, enact sub-Treasury laws, and hang up bank presidents to the lamp-posts, and after all, the actual circulating medium of the country will consist mainly of promises in some form or other. Banish all legal paper money, and we shall have illegal in its stead inferior character and utility, irresponsible and irredeemable shinplaster in place of the notes of solvent, specie-paying banks. The attempt to shut out the tide of paper currency is as idle as to dam Niagara. Close one avenue, and it rushes in with redoubled force at another. In fact, laws to prevent or repress the use of a mere facility of trade—to say that one man shall not pay and another receive what they mutually agree upon in a bargain, can never answer any good purpose.

Paper money, then, is a form of credit, a facility of traffic, which must and will exist. Hostile legislation can vitiate, but not suppress it. The only practical question is, How shall we secure the best possible currency of paper and specie? Legislation cannot annihilate paper, but it may make it vastly better or worse. And our conviction is daily strengthened that the aim of legislation should be to secure, first, the certain and absolute solvency and convertibility of all the paper money which may be issued; and, secondly, the uniformity of such circulation throughout the country.

To these ends we believe a National Bank, or some agency performing the functions of a National Bank, indispensable. We could wish that there were but one institution in the country authorized to issue paper money, and that the profits of such emission were to go into the Treasury of the United States. The further its management could be removed from the politics, and the more intimately it could be associated with the substantial business of the country, the better we should like it. But, convinced that a large proportion of the people regard with prejudice, passion, and dislike, any National institution—unjustly saddling it with the abuses not merely of its managers, but even of its enemies; while another portion are weary and heart-sick of the turmoil, the disappointment, the fruitless strife, and the obloquy to which the advocates of a National Bank have been subjected, we are opposed to any new agitation of the subject. Let us submit with a grace to that state of things which unforeseen casualties, rather than any fair expression of the popular will, has brought upon us. Let a National Bank rest until the necessities of the people shall call for it without distinction of party—until the mists of party prejudice shall be dispelled by the clear light of experience and truth. Meantime, let us offer no opposition to President Tyler's "fiscal policy," but give it a trial, with the understanding that a Whig Congress can repeal it at the next session, should it prove injurious to the public welfare.

But while we counsel submission to what appears inevitable, we ask the people universally to realize and acknowledge that a currency of bank paper, without any national regulation or central agency, is not a Whig currency, and that the Whig party is no wise responsible therefor. He was not a Whig President who proposed, in destroying a National Bank, to furnish the people a "better currency" by means of State banks alone. He was not a Whig President who declared the State banks alone fully adequate to all the wants of the Government and nation. The whole train of events which has brought the country to its present fiscal condition has been produced in defiance of the Whigs. We have resisted, argued, entreated, predicting rottenness, bankruptcy, and an irredeemable currency, as the inevitable fruits of the Executive measures of the last ten years. Unheeding our remonstrances, dead to our arguments, the car of Juggernaut has rolled on. Surely we are not responsible for what it crushes beneath its relentless wheels!

If, therefore, the currency shall grow worse instead of better—if a resumption in one State shall be closely followed by suspension in another—if bank explosions and rascalities shall become the order of the day—if there is evinced eventually a general distrust and discredit of all paper money—we ask those who have resisted and thwarted us at every step to hold the Whig party guiltless in the premises. They have not hesitated to "take the responsibility," let them meet its consequences manfully. It is hard enough that so large a proportion of the intelligence and integrity of the country should have no voice in directing its financial policy; but to ask them to "make brick without straw" would be manifestly unjust.

AGRICULTURE AND EDUCATION.—These things should go hand in hand every where. The Farmer who neglects to improve the minds of his children, gives melancholy proof that he himself is unfitted to realize the blessing which Heaven has liberally showered upon the land. See to the schools in your neighborhood—visit them frequently—encourage the teachers and the scholars with your presence, even for a few minutes in the week—and the result will soon be manifested by signs that will cheer you onwards to greater exertion in the cause of Education. You owe at least this much to your own children—and in discharging the duty to them, you will have the consciousness of incidentally benefiting your whole neighborhood.—*Genesee Farmer.*

From Southern Literary Messenger.

LOVE.

WHAT A SAD THING IS LOVE!

To sit and think, the livelong day,
Of one, than your own heart's blood dearer;
To pass in sighs your nights away,
Yet find your happiness no nearer.
To keep your faith as pure as snow,
To know your love has never falter'd,
Then bide, unwarmed, the rending blow
Of smiles estrang'd, and fond tones alter'd.

WHAT A SWEET THING IS LOVE!

To hold the dear one's yielded hand—
Pass with her, hours of free communion,
Whilst schemes of happiness are plann'd—
The sweet reward of nearer union.
She's blushing all the time, loy'd girl!
Cheek, neck and brow the flood runs over,
What can you do, but kiss that curl.
Blest hour! kind angel! happy lover!

Kosciusko and his Lady-Love.—The maiden to whom this Polish hero gave his heart, was daughter to one of the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, and therefore, raised by birth, above Kosciusko. But true love is a true leveler—it's alchemy detects merit in the meanest station, and its power of affinity can overcome material obstacles. The lady Louisa Sosnowski returned the love of the poor officer as the truth and fervency of his attachment deserved—but a life of happiness was not for him. How different would have been his bigotry had the grand wish of his heart been achieved! But the disappointment of his hopes in love, consecrated his whole soul to freedom and the happiness of man.

The young lady first confided her attachment to her mother; and then Kosciusko, with tears and kneeling at the father's feet, confessed his pure but unconquerable passion. The parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the idea that the splendor of their ancient house should be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank so inferior; prohibited all intercourse between the impassioned lovers; and to insure the observance of their prohibition, placed spies upon all their steps. But love found means to deceive argus eyes placed over them and knit two young hearts closer and closer to each other.

Kosciusko, now driven to despair, proposes an elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and the happiest result—promises to crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark night they effect their escape from the castle, attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance, and a warm embrace speaks their mutual congratulations and the bright hopes of union that are drawing upon their hearts. But a sudden noise startles the lovers from their dreams of bliss; the Marshal's people surround and attempt to seize them. Kosciusko draws his sword and desperately strives to defend his beloved. A sanguinary conflict ensues but the issue could not be doubtful—Kosciusko, wounded, exhausted, senseless, sank to the ground and the lady Louisa was dragged back to the paternal home.

When, after three hours swoon, Kosciusko regained his consciousness, he crawled, feebly and despairingly to the nearest village; where one of his friends was quartered, carrying with him no relic of his vision of happiness but its recollection, and a white handkerchief which his idol had dropped in her agony. This treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom not even in the hottest battle, and death only could part him from it.

Kosciusko formed no second attachment; and altho', in after years, several advantageous matches were proposed to him, both in Poland and France, he never could be prevailed upon to marry. Even to an advanced age he remained faithful to the love of his youth, and spoke of the object of his only passion with all the fire of early life.

Jackson, Miss., must be a great place and no mistake. The last True Issue says:
"It is the fountain head of Law and Legislation and the focus of talents, taste, todysim, Barristers Belles, and Billiard Tables, of fashion, foppery, and fighting."—*Memphis Eng.*

The Criminal Court now in session, was occupied on Tuesday and Wednesday with the case of Andrew Weissinberger, for concealing stolen goods. It appeared that Mr. James Dougherty, a merchant of Steubenville, Ohio, had his store entered on the night of the 27th of April last, and robbed of goods, principally silks to the value of \$2000. Mr. D. traced the goods to this city, and many of them were found in the possession of Weissinberger. An action was commenced and the trial was had on Wednesday. The jury were out but a few minutes, when a verdict of guilty was rendered and he was sentenced to imprisonment in the Penitentiary for five years.

We are pleased that this man has been arrested at least, for we think it is an inroad upon a confederated band of burglars and receivers who have for some time infested our western cities.—*St. Louis Gazette.*

SHARP SHOOTING.—"You are the most handsome lady I ever saw," said a gentleman to one of the fair sex.

"I wish I could say as much for you,"

replied the lady.

"You could, Madam, if you paid as little regard to the truth as I have."

Gen. MURPHY, of Ohio, who has been appointed by the President Minister Extraordinary to Central America, sailed for his destination on the 16th inst. from N. Y. in the brig Florida Blanca, bound to Balize.—*Nat. Int.*

Excessive eating is prejudicial to health, to fame, and to future bliss in Heaven; it is injurious to virtue and odious among men; for these reasons by all means avoid it.

From the New London Advocate.

A GLANCE AT THE LATE TRIUMPHS OF THE OPPOSITION.—Many, of the Opposition presses are boasting with much self-complacency of the results of the recent elections in several of the States, imputing them to reaction of public sentiment in favor of Locofocoism, and inferring from them a great declension of Whig strength. It is true that a mere glance at these results, without comparison with the past and without investigating their causes, might lead the careless observer to such an inference; but before we can admit that any sudden and general conversion has occurred of Whigs into Locofocos, or any considerable desertion of voters from our ranks to those of the Opposition, we must first be told who and where they are. The Whig voters who in 1840 rallied to the rescue of their constitutional rights in such numbers as to present unexpected and overwhelming majorities, have not been stricken out of existence; they have not expatriated themselves, neither are they asleep, as will be found on any emergency when their votes are required to save the Government from the grasp of the lawless power which so long abused it. The whole mystery of the late apparent victories of the Opposition may be at once explained by describing the character of the two great parties which divide the nation.

The Spoils party is a regularly drilled and organized body, the leaders of which, by their pretensions to exclusive democracy and patriotism, through which many of its honest adherents are deceived, are enabled to keep their forces constantly on the *qui vive*. In this party the few govern the many by the arts of the demagogue, and their power is wonderfully absolute, though unsuspected by its dupes; Their sole object being power for the sake of its attributes—emolument and distinction—those leaders keep their forces always on the alert, and are alike ready to pounce on the control of a school district, a county or a State. No occasion is too unimportant, and no object too small, to call out their forces; and as the moment orders issue from the wire-pullers each is ready to follow his file leader, they can count on their whole force on every occasion, however unimportant in itself. Thus we see the town meetings as fully attended by the Opposition as if they were to decide the Presidential election, while a vast portion of the Whig party were too indifferent as to the results to leave their ordinary business for an hour to attend them. We do not pretend that this is justifiable, but so it is. A very great portion of the Whigs of the United States are men who take very little interest in the political affairs of the nation. They care little who administers the Government, and despise paltry mercenary strife for its emoluments which produces most of the *patriotism* of party; but they are nevertheless warmly attached to our Republican institutions, and will rally in their defence whenever they are seriously threatened. These men are not found very ambitious of distinction in militia trainings or in political canvassing and log-rolling; but when the soil of their country is threatened with invasion, they are ready to rush to the field and do battle in its defence, and are also ready to rally around that palladium of our liberties, the ballot-box, in defence of our Republican institutions. In 1840, a crisis in the affairs of the country required a demonstration of Whig strength and it was found equal to the emergency. Though latent, and not easily aroused, the same indomitable power still exists, unchanged and unchangeable. Much has occurred since the 4th of March last to disappoint the hopes and damp the ardor of the Whig party, but not to diminish its numbers, or shake its faith in those principles which are alike the bond of its union and the guaranty of its success. Its interests are the true interests of the People, its cause their cause; and though its hopes may be thwarted, its just demands delayed and for a time disregarded, they must prevail; for in the triumph and prevalence of Whig principles is involved the preservation of our republican form of government, the prosperity, the glory and the destiny of our beloved country.

The Murrian.—This disease has in many places the present season proved fatal to cattle, and although we have much more faith in prevention than in the cure of this disease, still the following from Mr. Forsyth in Canada, is given in the hope that it may prove as effectual as it is said to be: "Give 1 1/2 oz. pearlash dissolved in 2 quarts of iron water, (blacksmith's trough.) If not better in 5 hours give 1-2 oz. more in a quart of water; the iron water should be warm. Give no drink but warm water for two days. Give warm mash to eat. This treatment in nine cases out of ten will be successful."—*American Farmer.*

The cane crop in this Parish, which was at least a month backward this year in growth, has been injured severely by frost. Many of our planters who have neither commenced rolling or windrowing are apprehensive of not making half an average crop. It appears to be a general impression that the Louisiana sugar cane is yearly deteriorating. We want a renewal of the seed cane.—*Concordia Intelligencer.*

A REMEDY FOR ARSENIC.—A young lady in New Hampshire who recently swallowed a portion of arsenic that had been prepared for the destruction of rats, was cured by swallowing the juice of tobacco.—*Maine Cultivator.*

SALLIVA in horses can be cured by mixing a table spoonful of flour of sulphur in the salt which is given them from time to time.—*American Farmer.*

It is said the bark of the willow tree, burnt to ashes and mixed with strong vinegar, will take away warts, if applied to the parts often.

'Pa, has the wind got a mouth?'

'No, my dear.'

'But Pa, didn't I hear you say it whistled and how could it whistle without a mouth?'

'Sally, put that child to bed!'

'Ma, ain't Joe Smith courting our Meley?'

'No, what makes you think so?'

'Why, always when he comes near her she sorter leans up to him like a pig to a warm jamb.'

'There, Alley, go and bring in some in chips.'

A SPEECH WORTH HEARING.—The Quincy (Illinois) Whig contains the following report of a recent speech in the Senate of that State, on the bill for repealing internal improvements.

The Railroad which the speaker did not like is otherwise called a corduroy road, and consists of wooden rails laid across:

"Mr. Speaker, I rise, sir, not to make a speech—speech making is not my trade, but to tell the friends of repeal that I am for them although I hate rail-roads as bad as any man on this yearth, and I have good reason to hate them yet I shall vote again repealing them because all my constituents on this side of the river bodaciously for them, and a good many on the other side too—It are a fact, Mr. Speaker, I know very little about railroads, but I guess I know as much as some other folks do. We have had a railroad in Clinton for some years across the bottom there Carlisle, and one over Crooked Creek bottom, in Marion, and of all the internal roads for roughness they bangs the beater—gentlemen may laugh—but it's no joke—my constituents have lost, in the single item of breakage of eggs, sir, a handsome fortune. Scott, who keeps tavern in Carlisle, and a rate tavern too, not one of your Springfield greaseys, but a right jam up chicken fix tavern, told me that no mortal man could tell the eggs that have been broken in bringing them to market, across the infernal railroad, and Tolly told the same thing exactly about the Crooked Creek railroad—same smushing of eggs. You know Huey Mr. Speaker? I wish you could have heard Huey curse the time his carriage was jolted up into eternal smash, crossing the same railroad. [Here the Speaker unable any longer to control his risible faculties, laughingly observed, the gentleman must confine himself to the question, and to the rules of the Senate.] Well, sir, as I was saying, he cuss, and he cuss, and he swore, and fairly swore again, but still, he's for railroads. These are my notions, Mr. Speaker, and I could not sit here without belching it out. [Here the orator turned his head and in an audible voice addressed a Senator to his right—Uncle Peter what's the name of your wolf bill? but receiving no answer, he then, straighten himself up, again addressed the speaker.]

As I am now up, Mr. Speaker, I will give you my notions of Uncle's wolf bill—[Here the speaker interrupted him again by reminding him that the wolf question was not before the Senate, and therefore its merits could not be discussed.] You are mistaken in your man Mr. Speaker, I am not a cussing character, and if I was, I should be very far from cussing Uncle Peter's wolf bill. No, sir, I want you and this here Senate to understand that I am not Jupiter Isacariot, in this or any other matter, I'm for the bill head and ears, no mistake in shave tail—I go it, sir on the loud. One more thing, Mr. Speaker, and I'm done. The gentleman from Shemrock county—I don't think that's the name exactly either—but the low-headed gentleman over there said the other day—[Here the Speaker, assuming as much gravity as possible, called the gentleman to order, and requested him to take his seat.] After looking the Speaker steadily in the eye for at least twenty seconds, with a wink of asscance, he said—Are you in real yearnest, Mr. Speaker? if so be as you are, you're into me about a feet I s'pose you think, but sir—look out—I warn you, sir, to keep a skinned eye for terrapin traps and moccasin tracks. I have rights, sir, as the tone headed gentleman over there, [pointing to the gentleman from Hancock] said the other day, that shall not be trodden on nor treated with discern—'I'm done, sir.—I would however, before I set down, say to my friend from Union, not to look so serious when he tells his funny stories, in his speech, but to give us a sort of smile, as I do, when he comes to the nub or laughing part, so that we may know when to laugh too. I have now got all I was arter, Mr. Speaker, and I will conclude my speech."

Is a Locofoco the Poor Man's Friend?—We have never been one of those who would condescend to avail themselves of the demagogue cry of the "rich against the poor," and attempt to array in hostility classes in society whose interests are far from being opposed. We have looked upon the efforts of the Locofoco party to array the poor of the country against the rich, as agrarian, demagogical, and hypocritical. The attempt has not even the merit of sincerity to palliate the injury which, if successful, it would inflict upon the country. The Locofoco is not the poor man's friend, and the whole history of Locofoco Legislation teems with abundant proof of our assertion.

Is it not fresh in the recollection of the country, that one of the arguments in favor of the Sub Treasury was, that it would reduce the wages of labor, and thus enable the manufacturers of the United States to compete successfully with the manufacturers of Europe? Here was an argument that looked directly to the benefit of the rich at the expense of the poor. One of the blessed results of that long-cherished scheme, was to bring down the wages of American labor to the beggarly level of European labor, in order that the poor operative, by living on sixpence a day, might "put money in the purse" of the rich capitalist! And is it not well remembered that the Hon. Ruel Williams, Locofoco Senator from the State of Maine, declared, on the floor of the Senate, that "most disagreed with the stomach of a laboring man?"

But to come down to the transactions of the present year. Who were those who opposed the passage of the Bankrupt Law, and who now urge its repeal with all the zeal of which they are capable? Locofocos, every one of them.

If there ever was a law which teemed with blessings to the poor and unfortunate, it is the Bankrupt Law. If there ever was an enactment which relieved the shoulders of a poor man from a burden which was crushing him to the ground, and enabled him once again to walk the earth, with the light and elastic step of hope and joy, it is the Bankrupt Law. And yet every Locofoco in the land, from Martin Van Buren, at Kinderhook, to General Jackson, at the Hermitage, is crying aloud for its repeal, in order that the Shylock creditor may again be able to claim his pound of flesh from his unfortunate debtor. And yet these men are the exclusive friends of the poor—their are the hearts that overflow with sympathy for the sufferings endured by the "poor man," at the hands of the "rich few"—theirs are the tongues that wag, by the hour, on the evils of "associated wealth," and the thousand other clap-traps of Locofoco invention.

Ont upon such hypocrisy, say we.—*Petersburg Intell.*